

"PICTURE HATS" LEAD.

But there are others. The Tam O'Shanter is a high favorite to wear with shooting gowns—of which one woman in a million or so may feel the need—and the Tam or Alpine shapes are seen most often upon the bloycle. In either case one notes that the left side is turned up with a couple of bright quills, or with an upnight bow of black veivet held with a jet class.

There are toques of jet and there are "butterfly boanets," with wings in arrosted fight of ribbon such as were so familiar in the recent past, illustrating how fashion like conveyancers' descriptions, return "to the point or place of beginning."

And there is the dice-box hat, or stee-

of beginning."

And there is the dice-box hat, or steeple crowned, or hour-glass crowned, or
lec-feater, not to mention other less po-

pie crowned, or hour-glass crowned, or be-feater, not to mention other less positic epithets; of these, however, one sees more within than without the shop windows, though they may grow in favor. One looks upon the velvet bow upon a Tam as rather an oddity at first, but it is a velvet season.

Velvet and ostrich tips and plumages go together with a certain richness of festect approved by centuries. Nor are the color possibilities restricted to black and white. A magnificent hat of royal blue velvet with huge and many clack plumes above its low crown is one daring but successful color scheme; and yellows and browns and straw colors open to view a wide range of chromatic possibilities.

I have seen a combination of black plumes with petal-plak brocades, with slowers in white and green another, link with black plumes and the diamond-and-pearl buckle that goes everywhere.

One plumeless picture hat, wooed from

where,
One plumeless plottie hat, wooed from
its maiden bone in a milhaer's bandbox
by a golden suitor, is in bottle green felt
and black velvet with a wreith of black
petalled roses, a ruche of black velvet
at the brim's edge, and a huge bow of
green sain ribbon fairly rivalling the
whith of the brim itself, A pretty face
justifies striking headsear.

There is consideration call for white hats, particularly in the Alpine and other soft felt shapes.

"If buttons are good, doubtless two rows down the bodice front are better than one," recessined the Jesigner of a walking gown-apple-green, Hecked inguity with a much darker tint-whereof the front comes marching with its files of buttons, two abreast, quite to the edge of the full, jaunty busque. This gown I saw in a brides trous-sou. The workmanship was perfect. The skirt might almost be called plain, but is marked with wide double seams—the effect can be produced equally well with strappings of the same cloth sewed—crossed—near the hem. These straps eneitied the cuffs and edge the double epaulets. Any woman is well dressed who wears that gown.

Every autumn the debutantes!

This year, is if fancy? Or are they more numerous, because times are improving? Last year many a girl was kept at school, "Just a year longer, dear, because money is so scarce."

At any rate, dinner and dancing gowns for young girls are everywhere on the milliner's draughting boards. Two young Dianas who will hunt in couples, the ore dark, the other light, will appear next Thursday for the first time. She of the darker locks, tall and slender, will don with quicker beating heart a rather loose blouse in white crepe, skirt and bodice the same. Running along the under side of the sieve, outlining the neck opening and in a Geneva band at the throat are two-inch stripes of shaped lace, dust colored and delicate. The skirt is very plain.

two-inch stripes of shaped lace, dust colored and delicate. The skirt is very plain.

I should have liked to see a touch of red about it, and can only hope that the bonny debutante will wear a red, red rese or two, customary or not.

The smaller blonde witch, with a perfect mass of sunny curls falling all about her face, will have a blocke of palest blue, lined twice upon the sleeve and four times down the bodice from with white embroidery; and the white hands gather ab the threat into a square yoke, and at the elbows are odd narrow white bands with queer fanshaped flutelends which stick out at right angles. Bather an original sleeve decoration!

One use of green in a general way is simost a discovery of the last ten years. Green velvet, edged with green and gold taseling and sometimes in combination with yellow in moderation is much used to rough black cloths.

Green velvet, in two shades, very dark and very light, or all in the dark, goes well with black plumes and the inevitable glinting buckles of steel or paste.

Heavy green cloths, heavy in effect if light in texture, are predominant in the out of door cerumes, recalling Rooin Hood and his closeling green.

Dark green velvet gees this year with white or black fur in all manner of combinations.

And a combination that seemed nov-

white or black fur in an instance of con-binations.

And a combination that seemed nov-el and daring even five years ago, very pale green slik with pale pink slik for evening wear is quite as popular as the brown and vellow neighbors. Pistache and strawberry ice in the one case, cho-colate and coronaut in the other. There are colors in the cuisine well worth copy-

are colors in the cuisine well worth copying.

Faris is leading the world in its devotion to the knickerbocker—is ahead
of the world, at any rate, if one doubts
the leadership.

In the Bois one hears of black silk
tights with short jackets of the bolero
type; and of white shirts with mannish
wastcoasts overtopping, knickerbockers
of all manner of bright colors. "so tight
that they rip in the seams," and of looser
knickerbockers whose fulness is taken
up in pleats at the waist. And both in
'jerts and in quickly responsive New
'rk there is a plan for lightening bicywear, and reducing the bulk about
the waist, by sewing the bloomer legs
and the skirt, when there is one, to the
same band so that they go to together and
the wearer can never yield to the tempation to get rid of the one that's outermost.

The blevele skirt is always scant by

The blevele skirt is always scant but a scantiness of appearance is modified a fact by whe selected a scantiness of appearance is modified a laways, always of the lightest teature ompatible with firmness, amount surrocas are preferred to dust catching push ones, and light grays and cream may hold their favor. Cream with brown actings, or vice versa, a brown Tam with

bright quills at the left, buff leggings and brown or tan shoes will be in order until further notice. ALICE AMOPY.

The Lady Poverty.

The Lady Poverty was fair.
But she has lost her looks of tate,
With change of times and change of air,
Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair.
Her rown, her shoes; she kepes no state,
As once when her pure feet were pare.

Or-almost worse, if worse can be-She scoids in pariors, dusts, and trims, Watches and counts. Oh, is this she Whom Francis met, whose step was free, Who with Obedience caroled hymns, In Umbria waiked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here, Not among modern kinds of men; But in the stony fields, where clear Through the thin trees the skies appear, In delicate spare soil and fen, And slender landscape and uistere. —The Pali Mail Gazette.

A compilation entitled "The Progress of Women in 188" has been made by Mrs. Louise C. Purington, M. D., of Dorchester, in cooperation with Miss Frances E. Willard. Miss Willard will incorporate the results in her annual address to the National Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Baltimore on Oct. 19th. Under the heading "Respective of the State of

SOME OTHER FAVORITES.—THE TAM
O'SHANTER.

Many Buttons to be the Correct Thing—
Gowns for the Debutantes.—The
Ruickerbocker.

(Copyright, 1896, for The Times)
The hat for autumn is a stray.
Those 'picture hate' of quaint devices are well in the lead, no doubt; picture hats in gray with big black bobs of curiv carried they be the coverage and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats in black with silver filagree and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats in black with silver filagree and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats in black with silver filagree and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats in black with silver filagree and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats in black with silver filagree and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats im black with silver filagree and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats im black with silver filagree and plumes in white or black, or both; picture hats with huge bows of watered silk or sheening sail—of all these the ostrice plumes and tips are the usual and typical adornment.

But there are others. The Tam O'Shanter is a high favorite to wear with shooting gowns—of which one woman in a million or so may feel the need—and the Tam or Alpine shapes are seen most often upon the blaycle. In either case one notes that the left side is turned up with a couple of bright quills, or with an appropriate of the couple of bright quills, or with and the proper that the left side is turned up with a couple of bright quills, or with an appropriate of the proper that the left side is turned up with a couple of bright quills, or with and a proper than the recent past, illustrating how fashion like conveyancers' descriptions, return "to the point or place of beginning."

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And the file w Control the Montre of the Control the Control to the Control the Control to the Control the Control to th

two sheriffs. In New York city sixteen women make a living by designing new styles of hats. In Japan many wemen achieve financial independence by amusing other women. In chicago a woman has opened a shee'dressing and bootblacking parler, one hundred or more wemen are in carber shops in Chicago alone. They are sought for their steady nerves and light touch unimpaired by niectine or liquor. In Philadelphia women are running the elevators in large public buildings.

While Mrz. Alice Freeman Palmer was President of Wellesley College, says the Steuben Advocate, she was on her way West at one time and had stopped over for a tew days' rest and recuperation at an Adirondack inn, when it so nappened that her Presidential identity and dignity were unknown. Her neighbors at table were some three or four entertaining Harvard youths, and as Mrs. Palmer was also entertaining and quite youthful looking, they were soon all very good friends. This lasted for three or four days.

One morning, however, when she entered the dining room she was met with freezing and distant nods instead of the former cordiality. Not a word was said as she passed around the table, but when she seated herself the mystery was unravelled. There upon her plate lay a pile of official-looking letters that had been forwarded from the college, and that all bore the explicit address. "Miss Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College." This the youths had seen, and had very naturally been overwheimed at their presumption. Nor could the pre-Affer they had found out that she was a formidable college President it was impossible to joke and laugh as they had done when they thought her merely one of the most charming women they had met.

The most charming women they had met.

That the New York room of the Woman's Euliding at the Atlanta Exposition is destined to be of more than ordinary interest to art lovers throughout the country is proved by the quality of the talent with that is now daily finding its way by various express lines from the Empire energy interests to the great Southern fair grounds.

Prebably one of the most recent interest ing contributions to the New York From the South Probably one of the most recent interest.

To never mind the natives; I icn't see them at all," said lively little Gladys Bourke, clutching at a deeply pink wild rose, as the bush was crushed by the buckboard's wheelss-for in some places the Blue Mountain road is narrow. "They're not squalid like the poor people in the cities, you know, Constance."

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Gladys Bourke wore flowers in her belt and san gay little Gladys Bourke, clutching at a deeply pink wild rose, as the bush was crushed by the buckboard's wheels-for in some places. Estate to the great Southern fair grounds. Probably one of the most recent interesting contributions to the New York room is the beautiful bust of Mrs. James Brown Potter, by the ciever young sculptor, Mrs. Clio Hinton Huneker. It possesses the twofold interest of being a remarkably good likeness of a woman whose beauty and talent have won her fame in two hemispheres, and in being the handiwork of a woman for whom artisis are predicting a brilliant future in the front ranks of America's art workers.

Although Mrs. Huneker is but twenty-three and possesses the beauty and freshness of a debutante, she has aiready achieved distinction as a brilliant modeller.

ler.

The bust of Mrs. Potter, which has already been shipped for the Exposition, is life size and replete with a peculiar charm. The hair is dressed as Mrs. Potter wears it in private life, parted on the side, tossed lightly off the forehead and smassed in a wavy knot at the nape of the neck.

of massed in a wavy knot at the nape the neck.

The dress worn during the sitting is at levely creation in "Francilion" that as so much talked about. It is quite collete, thus revealing the beautiful ies of the neck and shoulders and tend-g itself adm. rably to the conventional eatment so necessary to the sculptor's t.

ing linelf adm.rably to the conventional treatment so necessary to the sculptor's art.

Mrs. Huneker is most enthusiastic about Mrs. Potter, both as woman and model. "I have found her charming," she said recently, "and she is beautiful as well. I have scidom ever seen any one so beautiful. She poses with such perfect ease and simplicity that you forget the artiste and model and feel only the personality of the ambitious, accomplished, fascinating woman.

Resides the Potter bust Mrs. Huneker will exhibit a fine bas-relief of Paderew ski. It is a strong, interesting head, in no way exagrerating, yet fully revealing the strange power and originality of the great planist's face. The pretty souvenirs for the Woman's Building of the Exposition are also Mrs. Huneker's handiwork. The souvenirs are in the form of two plaques of blue and white china, which overlan each other about one-quarter the width. On one plaque, or medal, is a carefully groupt design of the front facade of the Woman's Building, while the second carries an excellent reproduction of the Statue of Liberty.

Goin' to The Show,

Goin' to The Show.

Mollie's goin' to the show—
Trimmed her hew straw hat;
Got a brand new calico—
Looks a queen in that!
(Wouldn't care what else went wrong
If she told me, "Come along!")

Mollie's goin' to the show—
Fixed up fit to kill!
Redder cheeks than roses know—
Collar with a frill!
(Wouldn't care what else went wrong
If she told me, "Come along!")

Mollie's goin' to the show—
Ain't she lookin' sweet?

Wish that jest before she'd go,
Hear my poor heart beat!
(An' she's heard it!—Nothin' wrong!
Mollie's told me, "Come along!")

—Atlanta Constitution.

"Yes," said litte Jim to his juvenile friend, "I'm golater run away from home."
"And fight Indians?"
"I don't know about that. But I'm goin' to get away from whut's comin.'
I've had paw's trousers cut down to fit me, an never found fault. But since maw got a wheel and is wearin' bloom-

FOR OUR SMALL PEOPLE.

A nord Sum.

Twice two ain't two?

Well, 'twont go through
My head why that ain't so!
For once one's one,
As sure's a gun,
So twice two's two, I know!

This 'rithmetic,
It makes me sick!
And so does B A ba—
B Y—by, baby!
At recess, maybe,
I'll get a chance to play!

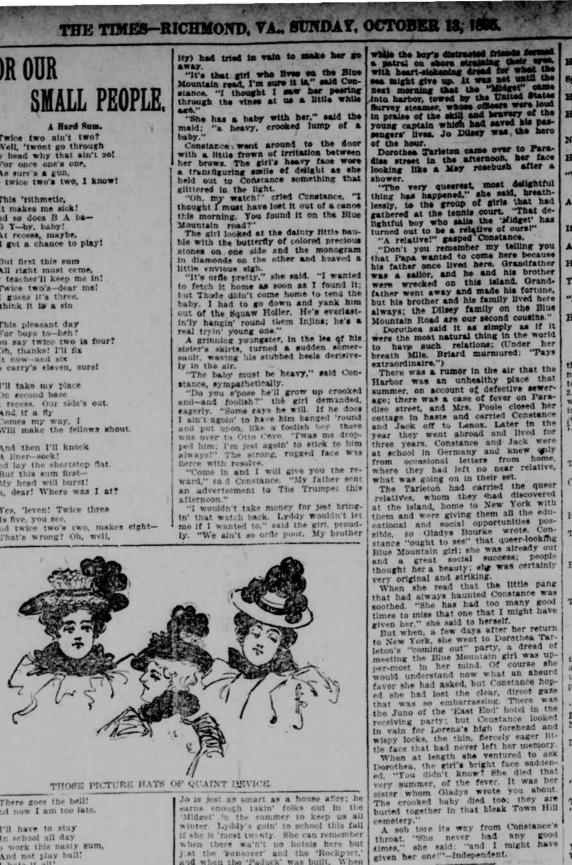
But first this sum All right must come,
Or teacher'll keep me in!
Twice two's—dear me!
I guess it's three.
I think it is a sin

This pleasant day For boys to-heh? You say twice two is four? Oh, thanks! I'll fix It now-and six To carry's eleven, sure!

I'll take my place On second base trecess, Our side's out. And if a fly Comes my way, I Will make the fellows shout.

And then I'll knock
A liner-sock!
And lay the shortstop flat.
But this sum first—
My head will burst!
Oh, dear! Where was I at?

Yes, 'leven! Twice three Is five, you see, And twice two's two, makes eight— 'That's wrong? Oh, well,



There goes the bell! And now I am too late.

I'll have to stay In school all day
To work this nasty sum,
And not play ball:
I hate it all:

I wish vacation'd come! -- Exchange.

The October Prizes. 1. A Collection of 22 Sea shells and Cu-riosities, including Star Figh, Sea Fan, Sea Feather, Rope Shell, Painted Coral, Scallops, Crab, Branching Coral, Rope

Sponge, etc. 2. One Thousand and One Gems, con taining the choicest poems in the lan-guage, selected from all the great Eng-lish-writing poets.

On the Blue Mountain Road,

"I wish that wistful looking girl with back sent of the buckboard. (She was a very pretty girl, and her rough and easy contume bore to initiated eyes the unmistakable stamp of the most fashionable fallor.) 'I'm getting to dislike this road because she's always sitting on that log; let's go home by the Cornice road."

Gindys Bourke were flowers in her beit and sang gay little songs, and boasted that she always had a good time. But constance Foole looked back at the girl quest

But there's something about ber."

said Dollie Erskine, somewhat obscurely.
"That tall girl who walts on the Carlide's table at the 'East End' is her sister; Mr. Carlish calls her June. That's

line's table at the last and the state at the state and the state at t owns the 'Midget,' the cathoat that Lieu-tenant Bolling said was 'the tidiest craft in these waters,' and gets the famly living by her. Lieutenant Bolling said he was a skilled navigator; he shouldn't be surprised to see him captain of a Cunarder.

tain of a Cunsider.

Mademoiselle nurmered that it was a "Pays extraordinaire," but that was her final ecoment upon everything that she didn't quite understand.

"The girl with the crooked baby looks like an anarchist," said kutl, Silshee, caralessly.

That's it! excisined Constance Fool.

"She makes me feel as if I were to blame for having better times than she has Do you remember the day when she had the lunch party at Rowle's, just we girls, and she came and stared in at the door until we had to ask them to send her away?"

"Here things" told Delly Visitor till.

Jo is jest as smart as a house afire; he earns enough takin' folks out in the 'Midget' in the summer to keep us all winter. Lyddy's goin' to school this fail if she is 'most twenty. She can remember when there wa'n't no hotels here but jest the 'Sansoyer' and the 'Rockport,' and when the 'Paduck' was built. When and when the 'Paduck' was built. When I was small I used to look in at the hops at the 'Poduck' every night. I've seen lots of good times—tir ugh the winders. No, I shan't take the money nhow," as Constance gently urged at upon her. "But I'll tell you what I do want." The girl hesitated and searched Constance's face auxiously with the keen black eyes that were a contradiction to the heaviness of her face. "I thought of it jest as soon as I saw the letters on that watch and knew 'twas jours You've been here two or three summers hain't you'r I know what your name is You've been here two or three summers hain't you? I know what your name is and I've watched you; I watch all the

and I've watched you; I watch all the girls that are jest about as old as me and don't do nothin' but have good times. You're goin' to have a lunch party to-morrow, ain't you?

Canstance modded assent, with a trace of surprise in her face.

"A pink lunch, with everything all trimmed up with wild roses."

Constance modded again, the surprise deepening in her face.

"It's for that girl with the yellow hair, jest about as old as you and me that's stoppin' over to the 'East End'—orau rich folks from New York, Well'—as Constance assented again—"what I want is for you to let me come to the party! Give me a regular invite that has wrote on it how you want the pleasure of my company. I want to be like folks, for once. I want to be inside o' the winder when the good time is goin' on." Constance felt the color rushing to her

Constance felt the rolor rushing to her face. What should she say? It was ab-surd that she should find it difficult to refuse this girl's almost impertment rerefuse this girl's almost impertinent request. And yet—her face was so wistrul, it looked pale with eagerness in the
light of the lamps. If the party had
been for any one but Dorothea Tarleton
site almost thought she would have let
her come. Dorothea was used to Newport and thought the Harbor ways were
queer at the best. It would be talked
about and laughed at everywhere. Her
mother gave her the largest liberty in
her little social affairs, but she would
not be likely to approve of that.

"1-1-its just for our own set I'm
afraid there wouldn't be room." she stam-

mered.
The eager light vanished from the

Now, according to legend, no big scaly lizard The King's sacred person dare harm, But Canakin feit, deep down in his "giz-zard," girl's face as a candle is blown out by the wind. She turned away without a word, but a weakly defiant murmur came back to Constance through the Zard,"
There might be some cause for alarm.
At least the old fellow was taking no

"I guess I'm as good as you be!"
A sob was mingled with it, and Constance tried in vain to repeat her urgent the coffer of the money; something choked the words in her throat. Under the electric light on the sidewalk she saw the stridy little figure shifting the heavy baby from one arm to another, and marching eff the desultory and reluctant Thode with a ruthlers grasp upon his caller. She thought she would tall his collar. She thought she would tell the story of the girl's ridiculous request to the gay little group upon the plaze; it would amuse them; but she didn't; Mademoiselle murmered that it was a Pays extraordinaire;" but that was her inal commont upon everything that she lidn't quite understand.

"The girl with the crooked baby looks like an anarchist," said kuth Silshee, arclessiv.

"That's it!" excialmed Constance Pool. She makes me feel as if I were to blame for having better times than she has. Do you remember the day when she had the unch party at Rowle's, just we girls, and the came and stared in at the door until we had to ask them to send her was?"

"Poor thing!" said Dolly Erskine. "It was she who let the baby fall and nurt the soine the day of their mother's full the girl's request, and Dollie Erskine of the girl's request, and Dollie had cried.

away?"
"Poor thing" said Dolly Erskine. "It was she who let the baby fall and nurt its some the day of their mother's funeral; and they say she is perfectly devoted to it."
"I thought she was always tugging it around with her to make her look more forlorn and anarchistic," said Ruth Silsbee. (Young Peyton, the Virginian, who was with Ruth's brother on the front seat, had laughed about the anarchist, and Ruth thought it was a rather bright thing to say.)

A discussion arose just then as to whether they should go up the mountain or around to Hank Pond, and there were lamentations that they had not ordered a dinner, with fried chicken and popovers, delicacies for which the little inn was famous, at Summerville. And Lorena Dilsey and the crooked baby were quite forgotten. In the summer twilight Gladys Bourke was thrumming her banjo on the plana of the Poole's cottage on Paradise street, Ruth Silsbee and her brother and the Virginia boy had come oveef from the "Phillipsburg." The plana was gay with Japanese lanterns swaying in the breeze, and there was a tinkle of merry tunes and a ripple of happy talk and laughter. A white-capped maid appeared and said there was a girl at the door who asked to see Miss Constance, and wouldn't go away. The butler (who was of impressive pompos-

cemetery."
A sob tore its way from Constance's throat. "She never had any good aimes," she said: "and I might have given her one!"—Independent.

ATTENTION, CHILDREN.

The Prize Puzzles_Note of Expla-

nation.

For the benefit of those who do not

Puzzles, we make the following explana-

Puzzles, we make the londwing expanation: The puzzles appear each week for
the benefit of all child readers of The
Times, who may wish to compete for
the prizes, which are given once a month.
What they will be its always announced
on the first Sunday of each month, at
the head of the children's page, so look
there for them.

Through Canakins' realm there flows a

daughter--When she found little Moses, you know Kink Canagin came with his court to the

chances. And 7-6-8-9 all the while Were servants well armed with 1-11-3-5

But that day-alack! why dwell on the

'Gainst any 1 to 8 crocodile.

lances

water, And in for a plunge he did go.

Where Beigium's level ieas
Spread fields of best-root to the sky,
Or rows of dark ONE trees.
He speaks to men of all degrees,
In tenes to make them wince;
His very glances seem to freeses
They say he is "A Prince."

Now Ghent, Brussels, and TWO may try
His lofty whims to please;
He views their wares with scornful eye,
And asks, in lordly ease
"What THREE historic styles are
these?"
His words he does not mince,
And rolls his FOURS like rattling peas;
Who would not be "A Prince?"

If costly laces you would buy, If costly laces you would buy.

Or fine embroideries,
A dealer here, some five feet high.
Your tasts and purse will tease.
His trousers, bagging at the knees,
His careless ways evince,
Yet he informs us, with a wheeze,
"Our buyer is A Prince."
"Prince," flashed a message o'er the seas,
"Those goods were due long since."
He wrote—"I shipped them by the Guise;
Sincerely You's,
A. Prince."
M. C. S.

#KA—SQUARE.

456.-SQUARE.

1. A genus of exogwnous herbs, type of the order Datiscaceae (Cent.) 2. An ornamental evergreen shrub (Rhanus alaternius), belonging to the buck-thorns.

3. The winged shoes of Mercury. 4. One who is in favor of itacism. 5. In music, in a serious, grave, thoughtful manner. (Cent.) 6. (Zool.) The undertail coverts.

4. A skeleton. GREEN WOOD. 456.-TRANS-DELETION.

(Example: Forest, frost, fort, fro, of.) They met at night at the TOTAL spot,
A PRIMAL nook of the city park;
(The solver SECOND from this, I wot,
That the nook in question was somewhat dark.)

He often had SIXED her father stern For permission to try her hand to gain; The father as often his suit would spurn, And the arts of the lover were FIVE in

But they were not vain to THREE the

She gave him her soft hand cased in FOUR; The preacher soon married, and o'er them prayed. them prayed,
And her parents beheld her novermore,
SWAMP ANGEL.

457.-PROBLEM.

In an open fireplace, the top of it is two feet from the back of the chimney, and four feet from the floor. How far up the chimney can a ten foot pole be put? "Inanimate," some say, and pass her by For buzzing gnat or dancing butterfly. Nor ever know what depth of meaning

In light and shadow of her changeful

Those eyes that none may read so well as 1. "Sull an enchantress; is she proud, or

They cavil, and A CAPTIVE, I REPLY:
"Her stience speaks the language most i
prize, In any mate."

Yet for ONE word from her I often sigh. While something still prevents me when

While sometime

I try
To ask it; well, I am not otherwise,
But I am resolute, though fate denies,
And I will find, or know the reason why,
in ANNE, a mate.

M. C. S. M. C. S. 466.-TRANSPOSITION. seem to understand fully about the Prize

When gathering ONE, some wild fruit, I wandered o'er TWO, on the Nile, Till THREE became wearied; then home-

I went, minus plums all the while

The Queen's household is a large one, consisting of just under a thousand persons for the maintenance of whom the nation sets apart the sum of 200,000 pounds every year. Most of the offices are sinc-

the head of the children's page, so look there for them.

The first prize is given to the child sending us the greatest number of correct answers; the second, to the one coming n.xt in order. They are always valuable, and always interesting.

Up to this time we have published each Sunday the answers to the puzzles appearing a weak before, and, of course, after publishing these answers, we could not receive any solutions sent us. In future, however, to give the children a longer time to solve them, we will publish the answers at the end of the month, as so many wish it. The answers, then, to the October puzzles, will not be published. every year, alost of the onices are sine-cures or fixtures for life.

Some of the posts are entirely ornamen-tal, and others have very little dury at-tached to them. Probably the only ad-ditions to the household since the time of Henry VIII, are two steam apparatus

men.
Although there is no longer a royal barge, nor any pageantry on the Thames, there are still a bargemaster and a waterman, with a salary each of 600 pounds a

lienger time to solve them, we will publish the answers at the end of the month, as so many wish it. The answers, then to the October puzzles, will not be published until the first Sunday in November, when the prize winners will be announced. We shall be indebted to the parents of our juvenile readers if they will make the contents of this note perfectly clear to them, as it is our desire to give them all a fair chance in the competition.

C.-NUMERICAL.

and second lamplighter, who receive 100 pounds a year.

Then there is the "keeper of the swans," who annually pockets 20 pounds for looking after the savred birds on the royal waters.

Lastly, there is the "Queen's rate atcher," who is especially attached to Buckingham Palace. Bits office is on no means a sinecure.

Fis salary, 15 pounds is provided outside the civil list. Every session the House of Commons, in Committee of Supply, considers this vote specially, and gravely agrees to the charge.

Mrs. Mary Love Dickinson, president of the National Council of Wosnen, and prominent in the Kings' Daughters, has gone to Atlanta, where the will next week preside over the congress for the National Council on the days set apart for it. There are twenty organizations in the council, and each one will be represented in addresses by a prominent representative. The council, as the largest organization of women in the coungresses, and from that on until the Folk Lore Congress, the last week in Desember, closes, the congresses every day are to be occupied by representatives of all the great organizations of women in the country, Mrs. Dickinson makes a fine presiding officer, and New York city is to be well represented.

Leather-Covered Planos. wide river
With crocodiles in it galore;
They feed the huge beasts with chunks
of raw liver,
And worship them—up on the shore.
One hot day in summer, like Pharoah's

Leather-Covered Planos. A decided novelty in the way of plant casing-the invention of a Milwaukee mu



THE TWO DE BUTANTES. His 2-10-4-12-7 are loud in their dole.

H. C. LAUGHLIN. 63.-ALPHABETICAL ARITHMETIC. PAD) CRUSTED (CPIT

sic dealer—is on exhibition in the University building. Broadway. After several years of study and experiment the inventor hit upon leather as the most attractive as well as the most durable article for incasing planos. The instrument was built in Buffalo. The color of leather selected for the first specimen instrument was a rich black, handsomely embossed, giving the impression of exquisite carving. Not only does the instrument thus incased present a most attractive and dignified appearance, but it has the advantage of being something in finish that cannot be marred or spotted.—Milwaukce Wisconsin.

The self-conscious man who is afraid of being ridiculous should keep hard at work. No one is ridiculous who is working.—Atchison Globe.

THE CRITICS COLUMN

DEVOTED TO COMMENT UPON CUB RENT PUBLICATIONS.

Southern Literature-Virginia Past and Present-Other New Books-

SOUTHERN LITERATURE: By Louise Manly. Illustrated. B. F. Johnson & Co. Richmond. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

Messrs. B. F. Johnson and Company are to be congratulated upon the excel-lence of this latest admirable text-book of the series published by them, endeavoring to do justice to the history, social political, and literary, of the South. Each succeeding book of this character makes their discrimination most happily evident. The author of the present volume states in her preface that its primary object is to furnish our children with material for becoming better acquainted with the development of American life and history as found in Southern writers and their works; that it may serve as a reader supplementary to American history and literature, or be made the ground-work for serious study of Southern life and letters, and that between these extremes there are varying degrees of usefulness. Messrs, B. F. Johnson and Company We think it is in the second of these connections it will be most generally used and of most value, serving the purpose through a really fascinating and discriminative medium of compilation, linked together with just sufficient comment by the author to suggest and make clear the select.

the points.

Among the writers quoted are: Period
1-1578-1730-John Smith, Wm. Strachey,
John Lawson, and Wm. Byrd. Period II. John Lawson, and Wm. Byrd. Period II.

-1700-1800-Henry Laurens, George Washington, Patrick Henry. William Honry Drayton, Thomas Jefferson, David Ramsay, James Madison, St. George Tucker, John Marshall, Henry Lee, Mason Locke Weems, John Drayton, William Wirt, John Randolph, and George Tucker. Period III.—1800-1800-Henry Clay, Francis Scott Key, John James Audubon, Thomas Hart Benton, John Caldwell Calborn. Scott Key, John James Audubon, Thomas Hart Benton, John Caldwell Calhoun, Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, David Crockett, Richard Henry Wilde, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Robert Young Hayne, General Samuel Houston, Wm. C. Preston, John Pendiston Kenedy, Hugh Swinton Legare, Mirabeau Buonnparts Lamar, Francis Lister Hawks, George Denison Prentice, Edward Coate Pinkney, Charles Etienne Arthur Gayarre, Mathew Fontaine Maury, William Gilmore Simms, Robert Edward Lee, Jefferson Davis, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Toomis, Octavia Walton Le Vert, Louisa Sussmanh McCord, Joseph G. Baldwin, Alexnah McCord, Joseph G. Baldwin, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, Alexander Beaufort Meek, Philip Pendleton Cooke, and Theodora O'Hara. Period IV-1886-1885-George Rainsford Fairbanks, Richard Michelle Michelle Pendleton Lohn Render ard Malcolm Johnston, John Reube Thompson, Jabez Lamar Mouroe Curry Thompson, Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry, Margaret J. Preston, Charles Heary Smith, St. George H. Tucker, George W. Bagby, Sarah Anne Dorsey, Henry Timred, Paul Hamilton Hayne, John Esten Cooke, Zebudon Baird Vance, Albert Pike, Wm. T. Thompson, James Barren Hepe, James Wood Davidson, Charles Colcock Jones, Mary V. Terbune, Augusta Evans Wilson, Daniel Bellinger Lucas, James Ryder Ramiell, Abram Joseph Ryan, Wm. Gordon McCabe, Sidney Lanier, James Lane Allen, Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Burns Wilson, "Christian Reid," Henry Woodin Grady, Thomas Nelson Page, Charles Egbert Craddock, Danske Dandridge, Amelie Rives Chanler, Grace King, Waltman Barbe, and Madison Cowein. SCYLLA OR CHARYBDIS: By Rhada

Broughton, D. Appleton & Co., New York, 50 cents. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

For sale by West, Johnston & Ce.

This is a novel presenting all the qualities that individualize Miss Broughton's style, which are not universally conceded to be either strong or admirable qualities. It is the unwholesome story of a life's deception by a mother toward a son, to hide personal dishonor, and to avert his marriage with the girl he loves. It is needless to say to the readers of Miss Broughton's books that, however, he marries that same girl, the revelation of his mother's secret and her sudden death having facilitated that conclusion.

SYPS OF SPIECH: By John H. Bech-

For sale by the J. W. Randolph Co.
This is one of a valuable series of books
by the same man, which, by their practicability, have become exceedingly popular among aspirants to accuracy in speaking and writing. Among the others are
the "Handbock of Pronunciation," and
"Practical Synonyms."
This last volume has its information so
intelligently classified and so closely contenest that its merits will be sure to ap-

densed, that its merits will be sure to appeal to the prespective purchaser upon a mere superficial perusal. Its size, which is exceedingly small, is no criterion of its value, which is not small, and not equivocal. It is clear that Mr. Bechtel has put painstaking thought into his helpful work, and it is as free as possible of the put of the party of the property of the party of the property of many publications, whose purpose is dentical with its own.

PADDY O'LEAREY AND HIS LEARN PID PIG. By Elizabeth W. Champney, author of "The Witch Winnie Books." "The Varsar Girls," etc. Hustrated by P. D. Steele. Dodd, Mend & Co.

For sale by all newsdealers. For sale by all newscealers.

This is one of the brightest little stories we have read for some time. It is teld in the rollicking Irish style and Pacity is a real genus of the country. The story of his wanderings with his learned pig is for the most part told with frollicome fun, but it is not without touches of pathos which make us feel the realness of Mrs. Champney's creation. The other characters in the book are subsidiary, but they are stiffully introduced The other characters in the book are sub-sidiary, but they are skilfully introduced to play a part in the little comedy which is adroidly made to furnish an object-les-son in temperance. The far-famed Fath-er Mathew figures promined by in the closing chapters, and the denoument is reached with a stroke which the author of Handy Andy might have been proud of. While Mrs. Champney has had her of, white airs, Champhey has had her large juvenile audience in view when writing Paddy O'Learey, yet she has succeeded in telling a story that will give genuine entertainment to the older read-ers as well. The illustrations are by a promising young artist who has admira-bly caught the spirit of fun in the book

THE WAY OF A MAID: A novel, By Katharine Tynan Hinkson, author of "Cuckoo Songs." "Ballads and Lyrics," "A Cluster of Nuts," etc. Dodd, Mead & Co. B. For sale by all newsdealers.

Mead & Co. 11.

For sale by all newsdealers.

Mrs. Hinkson has been chiefly known to readers as a poet of refined taste and delicate workmanship, whose work betrays a strong and passionate love for her mother country. In A Cluster of Nuts, she showed herself a master of the short descriptive sketch and racy story, and many friends and critics urged her, on the strength of its promise of larger possibilities, to write an Iriah novel. It has no place among the erotie fiction of the hour which is the author's first novel. It has no place among the erotie fiction of the hour which is doomed to speedy oblivion. Without linking it to any fad or purpose, Mrs. Hinkson has simply contented herself with telling a sweet, wholesome story of the domestic life and tangled loves of two typical Irish families, and has brought into her pages the picturesque quality of the bewitching Irish character. She has sought honeastly to give her readers fresh delight, in an old-fachioned tale of love's heart-burnings, mistakes, and final conquest, but the new setting and scenes am hg which the story is laid, and the bright, winning, mayle and versatility of her imagination have given it that quality which recreates the old, and invests it with novelty and human interest. It is much to have written a first novel so full of genuine power and pleasing charm—it is more in these days to have conceived one which may be read by all, and introduced without fear into any home.